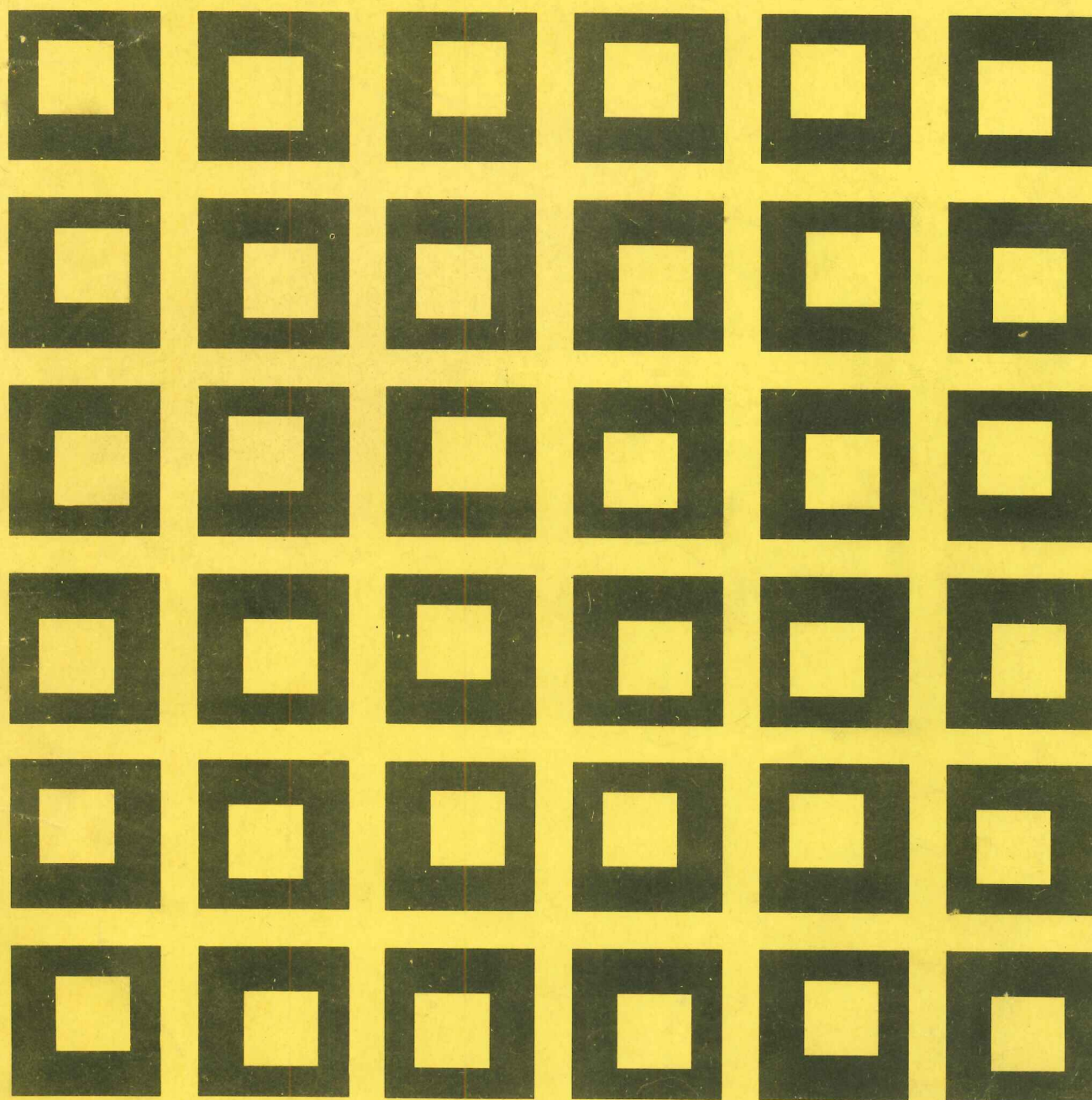


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THE BRIGHTON FILM REVIEW



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REVIEWS: the shame

Behind Ingmar Bergman's latest film lies an idea - the idea of the total degradation of the human spirit. Thus it is that at first sight "The Shame" seems to be a more coherent work of cinema narrative than any of his recent films. The film is, for Bergman, the exploration of this theme - "to show how humiliation, the rape of human dignity, can lead to the loss of humanity on the part of those subjected to it." As such it is ostensibly thematically discontinuous with his previous film "Hour of the Wolf". Nonetheless, it is the treatment of the idea, the mise-en-scene, that is significant, and the fact is that stylistically there is a greater disparity between the two than with respect to themes and basic plot situations.

Whilst "The Shame", like "Hour of the Wolf", deals with an artist and his wife, living in a certain degree of isolation on an island, whose lives are impinged upon by external forces (or rather forces beyond their immediate control), "The Shame" is shot in an altogether less intense and gloomy atmosphere than "Hour of the Wolf". The horrors of the earlier film are of dubious ontological status - are they merely the subjective experience of the main protagonist, are they real objective facts or are they a composite? Whatever we might answer, the artist (Johan) in "Hour of the Wolf" is quite clearly going through a psychic trauma, a personal and subjective sinking into despair, madness and death and this is clearly reflected in the film's progressively increasing darkness, use of nighttime scenes ("when our dreams come to us") and the prevailing use of close-ups (which, as Thomas Elsaesser pointed out in BFR Vol.2. no.5., usually signify, in Bergman, moments of self-reflection). "The Shame", on the other hand, is shot almost totally in daylight (even the night scenes involve floodlighting for a film and a firing squad), opens and closes at daybreak and moreover refrains from such a persistent use of close-up.

All this leads us to conclude that the artist's particular turmoil in "The Shame" is much further removed from the realms of the confused subjective fantasy of the artist in "Hour of the Wolf". Indeed the Berkleyan idealist universe of the earlier film has given way (as it did in philosophy) to a far healthier Humean scepticism. No longer are events and objects real, within the film, as ideas passively experienced by someone, but material events do impinge on Rosenberg in "The Shame" and thereby create subjective changes. Thus the war within this later film is not primarily symbolic of a state-of-mind (although it may have that significance too), but is an objective event that will create states-of-mind. So too, in *How*, "dreams are made known" - they are experienced by others and gain some concrete reality (we experience Bergman's 'dreams' as the film itself, and Johan Borg's (the artist) dreams are experienced by his wife within the film). Dreams, in "The Shame", are made known only as the dreamer (husband or wife) communicates (verbally) to another - within the film the subjective life of one protagonist does not gain an objective reality in which the other consciously participates. Thus, whereas *How* concerned itself with the artist's world alone (to the extent that whilst he was unable to create, his wife was pregnant), and with, at most, his wife's place within his crisis, "The Shame" deals with the objective world of the artist's and his wife's common and equal experience (he is unable to create, she fears they will never have children), with the crisis in their relationship. Within the framework of this relationship both are equal partners, both suffer equally at the hands of an objective, levelling, external reality, and experience is shared only as it can be indirectly communicated through the medium of language. There is a constant emphasis on

language - the title sequence soundtrack is a radio tuned to various stations; the Rosenberg's radio itself does not work (we are constantly being told) and so they do not hear about the war; there is no point in going on if they "cannot talk to each other"; in the final sequence the half-a-dozen refugees make their journey in the tiny boat in blatant silence; and, finally, as Eva Rosenberg recounts her dream of burning roses she recalls that she should have "remembered something, something someone said".

In this manner, Bergman points out the integral role language plays in our interaction with the world, and our fellow men and the dialectical function it performs in integrating our experience of the objective world and differentiating our experience as individual. Yet language can be used to deceive as Bergman shows in the propaganda scene, and in a way that pictures never can (and these, Bergman maintains, must be primarily emotionally experienced). Nevertheless, whilst words may well deceive us, to lapse into silence, Bergman now sees, is to lapse into unreality, into subjectivism.

It is a hopeful sign to see that Bergman may be losing the subjective idealism that has been with him recently. In Jan Rosenberg we see a man who is initially unable to come to terms with the outside world; consequently, he escapes to an island and there the manifestations of his inability are plentiful - a radio that doesn't work, a car forever being mended, a marriage breaking up, a violin getting dusty and frequent tears. However, the island is not barren and we discover a war is in progress. Thus the world continues despite the artist's attempt to make it go away and so disappear. Soon events impinge on him, events confused, violent and not of his own making. Eventually, he realises the impossibility of escape and recovers his power to influence events. Yet his exercise of this power takes the form of completely inhuman acts from selfish motives. For the fundamental change occurred as a direct consequence of discovering his wife's infidelity and his first assertive act is to commit himself out of revenge. In one telling scene he is ordered to shoot his wife's lover - the take is in medium long-shot which equates Rosenberg with the others around him, shows us indeed that objectively, Rosenberg is the same as the others, soldiers and partisans, if just a little sillier.

Yet Bergman himself is none too sure of Rosenberg's status and leaves us, in extreme symbolic fashion, with the artist and his wife adrift in a small boat with several others, between the island and the mainland, surrounded by the bodies of dead soldiers. The confusion is perhaps explicable in terms of Bergman's attitude to the film itself.

At one point, Eva tells Jan she feels as if everything going on were a dream, but not hers, "someone else's - what happens when he wakes and is ashamed?" The objective sense within the film precludes the possibility of characters' dreams being portrayed on the screen. The dream Eva is in, therefore, is the film itself (i.e. Bergman's dream) and thus Bergman's approach to his art is still subjectivist. Regardless of the fact that his characters have dispensed with this subjectivism, Bergman himself still sees the film as a reflection of his own mental state and divorced from objective considerations of social and political context. Thus it is that the armies and national groups involved in the war in "The Shame" are not distinguished, or rather made distinguishable, and so on. For the characters within the film the war is an objective fact, for Bergman it remains a subjective idealist symbol. In this manner the objective dilemma

Jan finds himself in is not resolvable by means of a commitment to one point of view or another but only by it conversion to (the original) subjective dilemma of Bergman.

Such degradation and violence as is portrayed in "The Shame", Bergman says, is hard "for me to live with in my conscience", yet the apparent objectivity

The WILD BUNCH

Two subjects preoccupy Sam Peckinpah on the evidence of the four films he has so far made. The first subject is the man who is tormented by some obscure incident in the past which has damaged his sense of integrity; he involves himself in an absurd project in an effort to repair the damage. This is the subject of Peckinpah's first and third films, DEADLY COMPANIONS and MAJOR DUNDEE. The second subject is men living out of their time, heroes who have simply become relics left over from the past. This is the subject of Peckinpah's second and fourth films, GUNS IN THE AFTERNOON and THE WILD BUNCH.

Peckinpah's films can be linked in a different way on the basis of their scale and ambition. DEADLY COMPANIONS and GUNS IN THE AFTERNOON are small scale films, both in terms of budget and conception. What happens to the heroes of these films is a private matter, important to them but having no general relevance. MAJOR DUNDEE and THE WILD BUNCH are both large scale. In MAJOR DUNDEE, Peckinpah links the hero's quest with the formation of American national identity. In THE WILD BUNCH Peckinpah seems to have a similar ambition; the passing of his heroes marks the birth of a new era in American history, an era where the old moral codes no longer apply and which, most of all, is marked by violence.

However, the link between the hero's fate and the emergence of a new era is obscure in THE WILD BUNCH. Throughout the film it seems odd that men of such limited outlooks and ambition should provoke violence on the scale that it occurs, particularly at the beginning and end of the film. One can guess that Peckinpah intended the relationship to be a development of the relationship in GUNS IN THE AFTERNOON; that is, it should be a tragic one with the heroes overtaken by events over which they have no control or understanding. But in fact, the heroes are not simply overtaken by events, certainly not by the violence which they involve themselves in with some zest (and they also know how to use the new weapons that make mass violence possible like rapid fire rifles and machine guns).

In practice the gang are seen adjusting to the new era. They realise that they are no longer heroes and that heroic gestures are now likely to be futile ones (so they abandon various members of the gang who have become liabilities for one reason or another); they realise that calculation and planning must be the order of the day. Their tragedy is that old values occasionally reassert themselves. This is made most obvious in the climax of the film when the Mexican member of the gang is seized by the counter-revolutionaries. He is at first abandoned on the basis of the realistic calculation that the Wild Bunch have no hope of confronting the superior Mexican forces. But then the Bunch defy rational calculation and try to rescue him. Peckinpah with his intimate sense of the Western genre marks this reassertion with a characteristic Western sequence. The four men walk abreast down the streets of the village guns in hand to the confrontation with the Mexican general. The result of their action is what rational calculation might have predicted. The member of the gang they are trying to rescue is brutally murdered. They are all killed as well as numerous Mexicans.

The question at the heart of THE WILD BUNCH seems to be what the new modified ethic of the central figures is worth. Because they are no longer heroes, they can have no social function (they cannot become

of the film is simply a disguise for Bergman's belief in an apolitical violence etc., a disguise for the idealism that holds to such concepts as abstract dignity, a disguise for his subjective world. Perhaps when he wakes his shame will transform the confused consciousness of his characters (and himself) into political consciousness and commitment.

G.H.

sheriffs and impose order as the heroes of earlier Westerns have characteristically done). They are marginal figures without a proper social context which allows other relationships than those within the gang. Most importantly relationships with women can only be casual ones, mainly a matter of prostitutes and brothels.

All that is left is the relationship between a group of men and without any support even this is a precarious relationship. As Bishop rather desperately remarks "When you side with a man you stay with him, and if you can't do that you're like some animal." The threat of becoming animal is ever present in the film. Two members of the Bunch itself, the Gorch brothers, are on the verge of it and the men who comprise the bounty hunters pursuing the Wild Bunch are characterised as animals.

As Peckinpah sees it, the chivalrous, heroic ethic of the West is now attenuated to narrow, precarious comradeship between men. He sees only two other possibilities for a different kind of experience. One is the reassertation of the old values; some of the most attractive moments in the film are when this happens - like the incident when the gang on their way to rob the railroad office bump into an old lady and courteously stop to pick up the parcels she has dropped and escort her on her way, or when the gang join in the party given by a Mexican village and are treated as heroes. The second is in violence which in many ways is the real subject of THE WILD BUNCH.

As it is presented in the film, violent action is when life is at its intensest and richest. Peckinpah is aware that violent action leads to people being killed and maimed but he also sees it as the ultimate test of a man's qualities, as the experience which demonstrates the value of comradeship. In the midst of horror he sees moments of bizarre beauty. The two most striking sequences in the film are the opening and closing sequences in both of which ferocious violence spills over and both of which demonstrate Peckinpah's extraordinary skill as a film maker (the rapidity and control of the editing, his eye for particular moments of physical action, the conjunction of bizarre elements).

Undoubtedly this part-celebration of violence will make many people uneasy about the film. Peckinpah obviously feels uneasy about it himself as he showed when he spoke at the National Film Theatre recently. But I think it would be foolish to condemn the violence of THE WILD BUNCH, certainly from a narrow moral perspective (violence is wicked and any representation of it on the screen will lead people to become more violent) which seems to me a way of evading the problems that violence poses. Violence has played such an important part in American life that the effort of a film maker like Peckinpah (or Arthur Penn in his films) to look at it and try to expose it seems absolutely necessary.

THE WILD BUNCH is obviously a transitional film where Peckinpah is trying to develop his old concerns and look at new ones. The effort involved in doing this make the film frequently obscure and gives it an ill defined structure (the pursuit of the Wild Bunch by the bounty hunters has a perfunctory quality, for example). But through the richness of its concerns and its formal inventiveness it confirms Peckinpah as one of the most considerable directors in the American cinema.

ALAN LOVELL

Teorema Prima della Rivoluzione

Cinema, when it becomes an explicit critique of the society to which it owes its existence, seems to be caught in a vicious circle: its distance from the general public grows in direct proportion to its political commitment. This is obviously not accidental. Because the film-maker relies on a technical apparatus, on channels of distribution and publicity which form an integral part of the industry (in itself controlled by the demands of the economic system as a whole) his work - whether he likes it or not - "functions within the system" (in Adorno's phrase). Spelt out, this means that a director, however well-intentioned, however critical of the society around him, however "hard-bitting", is going to produce films that merely perpetuate this society and its ideology, unless he is aware of his function, namely that of a producer of consumer goods. And this is because the kind of consumption for which his products are destined, has its purpose and goal already defined in advance: to reinforce the division between work and pleasure, between mental exertion and relaxing entertainment, between harsh, frustrating reality and liberating, irrelevant, fantasy. The cinema's objective social function today, is quite clearly to act as a safety valve.

This is why a seemingly critical, "revolutionary" intention in the cinema is in fact, on the screen, pure escapism. Show a character all hung up about his emotional problems, show an inhuman, unjust society, a monstrously repressive authoritarian system, then give him a machine-gun and let him do his nut - and you have the blue-print of an escapist film, the kind of film for which the unjust society, the authoritarian system, the intellectual establishment etc. will slap you on the back and award you a prize: Lindsay Anderson's *IF...* has this one merit - it'll serve as the paradigm case of British film culture in the 60s, because it's the eternal monument to the film-maker as court-jester.

And this is where the problem starts: if you want to make a film which attacks abuses in society, a certain mode of life, or whatever, you must bite the hands that feed you. But at least one of those hands, alas, belongs to the spectator who leaves his money at the box office. Therefore, what is needed is not only good intentions or an honest conviction, nor is it sufficient to be a good director, whether in the technical or artistic sense, what is also needed is a strategy.

Godard, who is very much aware of these problems, has tried to incorporate such a (Brechtian) strategy into some of his films, notably *WEEKEND*, which, as I have tried to show (BFR Vol. II, 7), is an all-out attack on the spectator, with the purpose of communicating something that is not immediately absorbed into aesthetic pop-corn. Ultimately, the experiment failed, not primarily because the audience stayed away in droves, (an important fact, though merely a consequence), but because Godard's weapons of attack with which he attempted to dismantle the mechanisms that make an audience expect and demand escapist films, are perhaps as yet not subtle enough, and instead of clarifying the issues, they distort and obscure what is being said to the point where any communication with the audience breaks down. The result is bafflement, and the spectator resents what must appear to him as an intellectual's insolent contempt for the gullible public.

However, the dilemma of *WEEKEND* does not invalidate the ideas that underlie Godard's cinema as a whole, namely that a film-maker who understands his films as part of a social struggle cannot ignore the 'corruption' of the cinematic image and the inherent social function of the medium. The problems that this poses to the film-maker may well present themselves as aesthetic ones, but

(THEOREM) (BEFORE THE REVOLUTION)

it seems obvious that the values of a committed film cannot be primarily formal ones, because the aesthetic questions themselves are the result of moral and social considerations. As one of Bertolucci's characters puts it, rephrasing Godard, "cinema is a question of style, and style is a question of morality." Many European film-makers (but not only European ones) would probably agree with such premisses, though their own answers differ widely.

By a fortunate coincidence, we have a chance to compare the works of two Italian directors, who are, roughly within this tradition, though at opposite ends. Pasolini's *TEOREMA* and Bertolucci's *PRIMA DELLA RIVOLUZIONE* treat very similar themes, they even come to similar conclusions (as to the fate of the bourgeoisie in their country), and yet the films themselves are totally dissimilar.

To make my position clear: there is very little I liked about the Pasolini and a great deal I liked about the Bertolucci. Both Pasolini and Bertolucci have avoided the impasse of *WEEKEND* (I am treating these films for the moment as if they were contemporary, but their chronology is significantly different: *RIVOLUZIONE* - '64, *WEEKEND* - '67, *TEOREMA* - '68) - with the result that one has produced a high-prestige, thoroughly marketable 'art' film, and the other a film that had to wait four years for its release, was short-lived when it finally did appear, and is now a fringe-benefit for Film Society members.

A basic distinction between the two films is that whereas Bertolucci's is representational (I use this term here rather loosely: the emphasis is on telling a story, the characters possess psychological verisimilitude, and their emotions articulate themselves within the framework of a realistic action, and not predominately through a series of symbolic acts and poses), Pasolini's film aspires to be something else, and assumes that this something else is in itself more meaningful. It is a carefully nurtured fallacy in certain circles that to write sub-Beckettian prose is intrinsically superior to an attempt - in this day and age - to grapple with the problems of literary realism.* A similar misconception and prejudice ought to be dispelled with regards to the cinema. Pasolini, who is very articulate about his aesthetic theories, has argued in favour of a poetic cinema which he contrasts with the 'cinema of prose', basing himself on theories of structural linguistics.

What he seems to be trying to do is to construct a cinematic language where the image has a kind of word-like autonomy, elevated by the director's choice amongst an infinite number of possible images ("l'im-signé qu' utilise le cineaste, il vient de l'isoler idéalement a l'instant même du sourd chaos des choses." - *Cahiers de Cinema*, Sept. 65) and invested with a unique symbolic significance. But instead of resorting to Eisensteinian montage, Pasolini wants to construct his sentences within the shot or sequence and not by juxtaposition. This means that, ideally, an autonomous and highly stylized 'discourse' superimposes itself on the images which are now ontologically quite separate from the objects and situations that were in front of the camera at the time the film was shot.

* An interesting case is the filmic career of Robbe-Grillet. After an insufferably pretentious pastiche of Resnais *"L'IMMORTELE"*, his second film, *TRANS-EUROPE EXPRESS*, is representational with a vengeance: its banality is that of a bad realistic movie (unsuccessfully disguised by a handful of Pirandellian borrowings). The revelation that one of the masters of the Nouveau Roman is just a bad realist film-maker undercuts a lot of the arguments advanced by those who celebrate the demise of realism, in the cinema or elsewhere.

No doubt concerned with the kind of problems I have alluded to - and treating them as aesthetic questions, Pasolini elaborates an anatomy of the cinematic image, in which image and 'reality' stand in a purely metaphorical relation to each other. This seems to me very dubious on theoretical grounds, but the point that interests me here is simply to see whether this concept of poetic cinema is valid in practice, i.e. whether Pasolini's symbolic language is adequate to give body to his social criticism. Just as the medical description of the process involved in lifting one's arm doesn't make the act a significant one, so - in Pasolini's films - there seems to be a deliberate lingering over the obvious. Or perhaps it is because of the heavy insistence with which the rudiments of something that might become significant (if only put in a specific context) are elaborated that one feels exasperated by a film like TEOREMA. The suspicion is that Pasolini has really very little to say in TEOREMA and that he takes a long, long time to say it. Theoretically, Pasolini wants to unite Einstein and Rossellini: but what strikes one in his film is the poverty of his symbolism on the one hand, and his intellectual schematism on the other. Bertolucci, whose images are no less 'symbolic' than those of Pasolini provides the counter examples. Brought up in the tradition of the American cinema and Renoir (I am judging by internal evidence rather than biographical knowledge) his symbolism is an accumulative one: Fabrizio weeping as he leaves the Communist Festa del' Unità is infinitely more significant (within the film as well as in its symbolic meaning) than Paolo, naked, howling in a volcanic landscape. Pasolini has defended his kind of symbolism by saying that he wants to give back to the cinema its profoundly oneiric quality - but the result to my mind is merely an effective, though rather primitive visual illustration of metaphysical catch phrases like: 'Man's tragic isolation in the Universe.'

Pasolini's theme is the break-up of a bourgeois family through the presence of a stranger. A romantic motif - the eruption of a "daemonic" force is, as it were, psychoanalyzed and applied to a social situation. What we are shown in TEOREMA is the disintegration of social ideals into sexual urges which become unbearable contradictions. The choice of a bourgeois family in its purest state to this disintegration - depending on where the spectator places himself - a positive or a tragic significance within a larger social transformation. The self-awareness which they reach through the stranger's presence is self-destructive because it makes them realize that their mode of life is destined to vanish. Through the apotheosis of the maid this destruction appears as an objective necessity. Fabrizio's predicament in RIVOLUZIONE is similar - he, too, realizes that the bourgeoisie must vanish because it can no longer cope with its own emotions. The act of personal liberation depends on a change in society in which Fabrizio feels he has no place. His tragedy is that he wants the 'revolution' to happen, but he can fight neither for nor against it.

This realization condemns him to a sterile life, as it does the characters of TEOREMA. Bertolucci makes this paradox abundantly clear by what happens to Fabrizio as he tries to change himself, and by the events that impinge on his exposed consciousness (the death of his friend, the incestuous love of his aunt, the Unità celebration and the gala to the opera) - events that overlap and accumulate as so many significant layers of the central problem, of which they are both statements and reasons.

Bertolucci denies himself any speculation about the "revolution" - his film is situated in a precise period: Italy in the 60's, before the Revolution. The failure of Fabrizio is shown from a subjective point of view,

yet it becomes objectively significant because Fabrizio himself is a 'historical' character, that is, his subjectivity is the means by which he becomes aware of the psychological and social conditions that make him fail. These conditions, Bertolucci demonstrates 'in action'. For one of the most important features of the film is the autonomy of events and characters in relation to Fabrizio (their indexical nature, if you like). They refer to issues and attitudes (the Communist Party, the Italian family structure, anarchism, the social habits of the haute-bourgeoisie etc etc.) which are plainly relevant to a specific social reality, and at the same time they become symbolic (i.e. expressing themes) in that they reflect and comment on Fabrizio's central predicament: the gradual realisation that his communist convictions are scarcely more than a sentimental-intellectual aberration, and that he belongs irretrievably to the 'lost' class, the bourgeoisie.

Two themes are interwoven: the incestuous affair with his aunt and the intellectual flirtation with communism. Gina's neurotic sexuality takes the form of anarchic revolt against society and the family. Its force is self-destructive, but not because Bertolucci shows her picking up strangers in the street (though he shows that too), rather because through her affair with Fabrizio we are made aware of the impasse into which she has manoeuvred herself - finally epitomised in the scene where she consoles herself with Fabrizio's younger brother.

Here the action denotes its general significance: Gina becomes symptomatic of the incestuous relations within the bourgeoisie, perpetually condemned to reproducing its own outworn values, modes of life, emotional responses. When Gina embraces Fabrizio's younger brother at Fabrizio's wedding, it is the direct thematic parallel to Fabrizio marrying a bourgeois girl - yet both incidents stand in a direct psychological and causal relationship; they necessitate each other thematically as well as within the realistic framework of the action. This kind of visual density makes Bertolucci's symbolic language so clearly superior to Pasolini's "signs".

Fabrizio's puerile passion for his aunt becomes political, because it is linked to his intellectual failure as a communist militant. This is worked out within emotional relationships: this time with Cesare, his communist teacher, and Augusto, his friend and pupil. Because he can take from Cesare only the words - he is not tough enough to emulate the spirit, the implications - Fabrizio takes refuge into an emotional admiration for Cesare. This means that he can teach Augusto nothing but empty words and finally insulting him, he drives him to suicide by his affected dogmatism and his inability to transmit the humanism which is the essence of the communist doctrine for Cesare. Fabrizio only understands the hate against the bourgeoisie, that is, the hate against himself.

Fabrizio's communism is therefore doubly false: sentimental vis-a-vis Cesare, inhuman vis-a-vis Augusto (and himself). The realisation that his communism is merely a dishonest form of self-hate finally makes him accept himself.

For Bertolucci, the very fatalism of the film ("if you can't break out, resign yourself") appears as the "negative" side of a belief. The film becomes a document of a period and a generation, and the enquiry constitutes itself as a political perspective.

TEOREMA, in contrast, baldly asserts a state of affairs, for Pasolini is full of certainties. His theorem is a dogmatic assertion which we have to take on trust. In his film, the symbol is impoverished to the status of a cypher, hopelessly attempting to become a language.* The ambitious attempt of a poetic cinema is really a tromp l'oeil, a kind of flat-footed, trumped up naturalism bathed in the light of a metaphysical mystery. His signs, instead of denoting an insight into a social reality, end up by merely referring to themselves.

For example, the inner transformation which the bourgeois are unable to accomplish is seen to be achieved by the maid. The only logic behind this is an assertive, conceptual one: the transformation is symbolised by her transsubstantiation, denoting spirituality (illustrated by a shot of her up in the air). At the same time, this transformation is also intended to denote "fertility" (illustrated by her burial on the outskirts of the city and her tears from which springs a well: life-giving saint also for the urban proletariat?). I am merely offering a few abstractions to 'explain' some of the episodes, but I don't doubt that another set of nouns would do equally well.

This is the trouble with the film: it remains on the level of an intellectual conceptualisation. Fair enough, maybe this is what the title implies, and fool who expects more. The problem is, however, that the film, by its form, makes larger claims. Even on the level of a theorem it makes an assertion about reality, about social classes, and about Italy.

At this point a digression is necessary. It seems an interesting phenomenon that the film should have enjoyed almost universal critical acclaim. Sight and Sound in its Winter 68/69 issue printed a long, entirely favourable article, and the structuralist analysis which appeared in Cinema No.3 implicitly accepts both Pasolini's theoretical premises and his actual films. Leaving aside the case of Cinema (which, one imagines, is more the question of a critic in search of an author, having happily found in Pasolini a man after his own heart), the Sight and Sound deserves a comment. It demonstrates why the film is so attractive to a certain public: because Pasolini tries to force upon his images syntagmatic connections the film is admirably suited to verbal paraphrase. But the cinematic image, if deliberately treated as a sign (to use structuralist terminology: at the expense of the indexical, i.e. without concern for documentary verisimilitude, and in favour of the symbolic, i.e. conceptual significance) becomes not only 'cold', more dangerously, it lends itself to the kind of static simplification inherent in abstract concepts. And this is exactly what charmed the Sight and Sound reviewer - the beautiful simplicity of the assertion. But since he does not grasp the methodology which Pasolini is applying he manages to whisk off the table all that is confused or obscure in TEOREMA by a general reference to "ambivalence and mystery".

* Film history knows a brilliant precedent for this kind of attempt to use the filmic image as a symbolic cypher which can, on a certain level, be decoded and paraphrased: Bunuel's surrealist CHIEN ANDALOU. Here, too, we have the attempt to create synthetic images: the hero is seen pulling two dead priests and two putrescent donkeys, tied to grand pianos across the room towards a girl. Paraphrased, this scene 'means': the would-be rapist is impeded from fulfilling his desires by the authoritarian weight of the Church, now a dead institution, and the rotten, stupid social order.

But I need hardly point out the difference between TEOREMA and CHIEN ANDALOU regarding the structure and use of such symbolism. Bunuel does indeed achieve the oneiric quality which Pasolini is trying to recreate - and it had its effects: the outraged audience in 1930 threw ink at the screen to blot out the image!

Since, however, the film's axiomatic assertion about the bourgeoisie has a certain ideological implications the result is very curious: the critic discovers to his joy that he can be 'left' without having to revise a single one of his views. For no intellectual today would feel seriously compromised if he assented to a statement to the effect that the bourgeois family (in particular) and capitalism (in general) are "suffocating, artificial, frustrating" (shot of a man taking off his clothes in a railway station, shot of son pissing on his action paintings, shot of woman chasing male students in the streets, respectively).

The critic can pick and choose his terms, no questions asked. Abstractions are duty free and there are enough of them to go round. The Sight and Sound article is typical of the hypertrophied growth of a kind of greenhouse socialism, where a change of concepts and of terminology is already the cultural revolution, and social transformation appears above all as an act of faith.

This brings me straight back to TEOREMA. For the trouble is that Pasolini by his aestheticism actively encourages this kind of conceptual Marxism whose facile generalisations are so easily absorbed into the existing status quo. Pasolini's symbolic signs totally negate the reality of the social situation underlying them, and instead, the images speak the language of a spurious and vague universality.

In the figure of the maid and her religious apotheosis the social struggle literally becomes an act of faith. The proletariat is no longer the agent of social transformation because of its role in the capitalist mode of production, but rather because it is simple, down-to-earth, because it has faith and vitality (cf. the awful picturesqueness of the scenes in the village).

I am prepared to grant that Pasolini's personal view of social reality is not that simplistic, but the fact remains that his aesthetic concerns, his idea of the cinema have left him no other option than to present the transformation of society as a fact, but as a symbolic one - expressed in christian/religious concepts. In a way, the idea to present the woman first suspended in the sky over her native village and then have her buried in the city is an ingenious one, but scarcely adequate as an indication of the real problems of religion and marxism in Italian culture, or the role of Mezzogiorno peasants and north Italian industrial workers in a political struggle. Such a symbolic statement - even if it has a certain force - is not a dramatic visualisation. Pasolini practices a kind of intellectual reductionism which is properly the task (or fate) of the critic.

Thus, the symbolic 'resolution' of the dramatic situation in TEOREMA seems an evasion amounting to yet another form of cinematic escapism. The same applies, finally, to the summary way in which the individual characters are sent to their neatly compartmentalized destinies: art, sex, madness, paralysis, religion. Pasolini seems to have become the victim of his own theoretical elaborations, while the skeleton (key) of structuralism rattles beneath a confused and bogus spirituality. The sullen atmosphere of mystery is mystification, and the marxist assertions of the film are literally 'unfounded'.

Bertolucci's method of psychological subjectivism reveals itself as objective in a far more significant way than Pasolini's deliberately cool and detached mise-en-scene which disguises a totally subjective dogmatism. Not only does Bertolucci openly expose the "act of faith" communism of Party member Pasolini as a sentimental and intellectual fallacy, his answer to the aesthetic problem of committed film-making has opened a way for the modern critical cinema, in which style is indeed a question of morality.

T.E.

BELLE DE JOUR

Severine is married to Dr. Kildare. He is good-looking, attentive, considerate, is disturbed by but accepts her frigidity. No one could dream of a better husband. But for Severine there is something lacking. In the sequence with which the film opens their unruffled life together, symbolised by the carriage in which they are riding, is abruptly halted and Pierre drags her from the carriage and has her flogged and raped by his coachman. It would be wrong to assume that this is purely a masochistic desire: to attempt to analyse Severine's behaviour solely in psychoanalytic terms would not only be inaccurate and falsify the film but limit it by a false specificity; when Bunuel's true subject is bourgeois marriage and, beyond that, the authentic being which bourgeois marriage stifles and excludes. What is wrong with their relationship is not so much Pierre or Severine as the relationship itself, which has scarcely begun to exist. The dream image both reflects its impersonal brutality and the craving that something, no matter what, shall be brought into the open.

Fantasy has two aspects: it can represent a form of false consciousness as more and more psychic energy is invested in negating reality on a purely hypothetical level, so that fantasy continually proliferates and ramifies in an effort to avoid the recognition of its own emptiness; on the other hand it can represent a struggle and striving towards a more authentic form of consciousness, in which suppressed areas of the personality are driven first towards articulation in fantasy and then towards actualisation in reality. Severine's life as the daytime prostitute, Belle de Jour partakes of both of these aspects. But for Bunuel fantasy and reality are not separated off alternatives, but are seen as dynamically interacting. The problem for Severine, and for all of us, is how far we are prepared to realise these fantasies (which are of course, not merely daydreams, but deeply felt psychic realities); whether we will move from thinking them and dreaming them to the point where we enact them, and from there to living them and ultimately, and most crucially, to taking the consequences for them. If we can there may most certainly be a price to pay - which is precisely what separates fantasy from reality - but if we cannot then the whole house of cards topples over and all potentialities are annihilated. These are the alternatives which the end of BELLE DE JOUR envisages.

BELLE DE JOUR apparently moves from reality into fantasy; but its real movement is to a rediscovery of reality through fantasy. In one sense the whole movie is a dream. Pierre is a dream husband - and as unsatisfying as that kind of dream husband would be. Severine's life as a prostitute also has a fantasy, play-acting character as she dons her dark glasses and slips into the house of pleasure. Bunuel explicitly points up the connection between his narrative and universal erotic fantasies: the enormous Japanese with his erotic prowess, Severine herself and her ability to give men erotic satisfaction are linked to familiar myths. For Severine, in becoming Belle de Jour must gratify the fantasies of others at the same time as she is gratifying her own. She is as much a dream to Marcel, the quaint gangster, with his long coat, brandished stick and row of gold teeth, as he is to her. And yet, truly it demands real courage, as Severine shows, to live one's fantasies. For Husson, the cultured friend, who clearly has many times dreamed of going to bed with her and who half achieves it, in imagination, as he lets fall the name of the brothel which she is to go to, will take the fantasy as sufficient. When he goes to Mme Anais and finds Severine there he lets her go because merely finding her there constitutes the consummation he dreamed of. For Severine, life (or dream) is harder. Her essential reluctance to live,

her frigidity is the product of a selfishness, a self-preoccupation that does not liberate but imprison. So Severine is presented with the essential problem of the fantasist: that fantasy does not satisfy until it is real, as real as possible, and the more real it becomes the more it begins to threaten the fantasy world, which far from being anarchic and uncontrolled, is highly regulated, patterned and organised. The pathetic plea of the professor at Mme Anais' for an inkpot, essential to his proceedings manifests the craving for verisimilitude in the world of fantasy, and at the same time, its fragility. And yet, to turn this the other way up, the problem in reality too, with Pierre, is that he is insufficiently real, and therefore unsatisfying. Severine is reluctant to yield herself even to her dreamlife at Mme Anais; yet so long as she remains with this attitude it too will be unable to offer up what she is seeking. The commitment to be a prostitute, to go there from 2 to 5, therefore signifies a definite commitment to fantasy as one step on the road to life. Bunuel here ironically points up the parallel between the brothel and bourgeois life in general, with the separation of roles and ends of reality that this involves, when Severine responds positively to Mme Anais's observation that a distinct advantage of the work is that she will always be "free at 5".

Severine would prefer to keep the two faces of her life apart; she gratifies herself in playing these roles, for so long as she is "play-acting" both remain unreal and neither presents a threat. Yet to maintain the status quo indefinitely is impossible because as she becomes more and more implicated in her fantasy life and more deeply committed to the serious work which it involves - as distinct from playing the frigid wife - so one threatens to spill over into the other. Severine has begun to learn that true being for oneself is only possible through being for others, in particular through Marcel, who loves her and to whom she is strongly attracted. The problem now arises as to whether the Marcel of the fantasy life is strong enough to overpower the by now hopelessly enfeebled image of her husband Pierre. And the way in which Bunuel presents this emphasises the degree to which fantasy permeates the whole movie. For the scene in which Marcel comes to her flat combines both reality and unreality. He enters, as in some nightmare her own house, apparently desecrating it with his presence - since he does not belong here - yet it is the vulgar, vital, Marcel who appears real and not the surroundings, which take on the unreality of Mme Anais's, and it is at this moment that Marcel calls Severine by her real name. He takes up her own husband's portrait and says that it is he who is the obstacle, which is certainly the case. But not for Severine. Marcel is ready and able to challenge Pierre, to break down the paper partition that separates fantasy from reality; but Severine, in the final analysis, is not prepared to do so. For her Marcel can only belong in the fantasy world: He will always be (Marcel) never - Marcel. The logic of emotion and of the movie demands that (Marcel) become Marcel, and that Pierre become (Pierre); and this in fact is what happens as Pierre, exposed not to fairy bullets but to lead ones, and to the truth about her other existence, dies - destroyed by the fantasy that has become reality. But Severine cannot face the consequences of her actions and will not permit fantasy to invade reality, even at the price of denying reality. She imagines that Pierre is still alive - thus negating and denying (like St. Peter) everything by which she has necessarily lived. By destroying her other life she also and necessarily destroys the life that fed off it and compelled it into existence. So the empty carriage, with which the film ends, stands for a vacuum in every sense. To accept Pierre's death, would, paradoxically have been to accept reality and to have begun, truly, to live - but this Severine cannot do, anymore than she could have done at the beginning.

Dudley Craven

raoul walsh

The paradox of the great heroes of Walsh lies in their extraordinary assertion of the individual Will in the face of the world; for this assertion is born their vital fault (in that it leads to an emotional instability and immaturity, a refusal to recognise the intrinsic value of any human relationships, the revelation of the basic unreality of such an attitude leading in turn to death), and their great strength - giving them, by virtue of such irresponsibility, their dynamic energy. The assertion of the individual will, then, allows them to combat all obstacles, even those to which they are inevitably inferior; such as their definite flowing social situation. (Usually Walsh places his heroes in a specific social environment, demonstrating the breadth of his historical vision; we recall the bravura special effects in THE ROARING TWENTIES.)

However, when they acknowledge the immaturity of such an attitude, by achieving a satisfactory emotional relationship with another human being, they in a sense destroy themselves. This paradox is exemplified, for instance, in perhaps Walsh's greatest masterpiece, HIGH SIERRA in which the hero Earle, finally recognises his responsibility and emotional allegiance to Marie by exposing himself regardless to the sniper's bullet. At this point his existence reaches its zenith: crashing from his mountain hideout, he is dead before he reaches the ground. For him life is impossible beyond this point - for his dynamic energy is powered only by his individualism which is, in turn, based on an emotional irresponsibility towards others.

Yet the individual will is only fully realized in the great masterpieces of Walsh's work; elsewhere, in less important movies, it is a factor, a choice which faces the adventurer, but to which he makes, ultimately, the wrong decision. I am thinking here of movies like SILVER RIVER, and more specifically, as it is the subject of this article, SALTY O'ROURKE. The ideal conclusion to SILVER RIVER would have been the death of Mike McComb in the final showdown between the miners and the crooked political group. The actual conclusion, however, is different - McComb acknowledges his moral responsibility to the community, (he has been responsible for their misery), and thus absolves his individual will. Again, the ideal conclusion to SALTY O'ROURKE would have been the death of the hero while avenging the previous death of the jockey; instead, he is afterwards seen to throw away his gun (a satisfactory but not ideal symbol for his adventurer's existence) and marry a small-town schoolteacher.

Yet if SALTY O'ROURKE does not embody the conclusion that distinguishes the greatest of Walsh's movies, it is his film for all that, and the original role of O'Rourke as adventurer is excellently demonstrated. He is first seen receiving a threat against his life, which he appears to shrug off nonchalantly. He has to obtain a certain sum of money by a specified time in order to pay off a debt. It is, of course, in such extreme conditions that the heroes of Walsh show us their extraordinary determination and ability: in such a position, their individualism flourishes. When Smithy asks O'Rourke why he does not run away from the threat, he answers - 'that kind of trouble nobody can run away from.' In fact, such a paradoxical condition is essential, axiomatic; only as such can the Walsh hero truly live. One remembers the James Cagney character in THE ROARING TWENTIES; while building up his emprise, while still imagining that he can win the love of the girl Jean, he is dynamic and totally individualistic. It is only when he is caught up in the depression, when

the demise of the hero.

Jean has married, that his energy gives out - there is nothing left for which to strive. Walsh presents his emotional/physical capitulation in the speak easy scene - a drunken Cagney is able only to mouth inane repetition, which indicate his social statis at this point. However, the ending demonstrates that this statis is merely temporary - for with his death we recognise the sacrifice of the classical Walsh hero, who can only accept his responsibility in this way. With the collapse of the situation which makes it necessary for the hero to be totally self sufficient, and self-seeking, his individualism ends.

In SALTY O'ROURKE, the individualism of the hero is expressed through his ability to assume roles. This ability stems from his complete confidence in his power to dominate environment and situation. At one point he convinces the crooked jockey with whom he is working that he is the owner of a large stable and racetrack. He convinces Barbara Brooks, the schoolteacher, that he holds a secure, legal position in horse-racing. He convinces Barbara's mother that he is as bourgeois and puritan as they both are. In the pivotal scene of

SALTY O'ROURKE, Walsh demonstrates the dual levels, or dimensions of his hero's existence. O'Rourke has been dining with Barbara, the schoolteacher. In fact, he is doing so with a deliberate scheme in mind, and Walsh depicts the illusory nature of the encounter by emphasizing the superficial romanticism implied. He sets the scene in a hotel terrace overlooking the sea - the moon glints on the water, the band plays slushy music. Suddenly, they are interrupted by the arrival of the gangsters who are threatening O'Rourke. So as not to arouse Barbara's fears or suspicions as to the real nature of his existence, O'Rourke takes the men down the stairs to a lower terrace. Thus, to the top of the screen we see Barbara's world, basically superficial and illusory, to which O'Rourke can belong if the situation demands it. On a lower and more serious, genuine level, Walsh demonstrates the tenuous existence of his heroes, as O'Rourke pulls a gun on the gangsters. There are few directors who are so able to capture the complete thematic essence of a movie in a single frame.

Ultimately, however, Barbara does not understand what kind of man O'Rourke is. When she surreptitiously relieves him of his gun, as he goes to a rendezvous with the gangsters, she is, in a metaphysical sense, emasculating him; by becoming attracted to him, by wishing to marry him, she is attempting to capture him, to take away his freedom and his individualism. This is, of course, what all Walsh's heroines will do - but the greatest of them accept their role, allowing the man to continue as before. When Olivia de Havilland engineers Errol Flynn's return to active duty in THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON, she is finally setting him free; he must always be the individual - otherwise he ceases to exist. This stepping aside is true of all the heroines of Walsh's greatest pictures - Jane Russell (THE TALL MEN), Ida Lupino (HIGH SIERRA).

Thus O'Rourke can be shown in many ways to be an archtypal Walsh hero. For him, love is 'a state of mind for saps', and work 'something for mules and horses'. At his best, in the early stages of the movie, he demonstrates those qualities which are essentially those of the greatest Walsh hero, embodied in his dynamic individualism. It makes his final capitulation and absolution all the more tragic.

PETER LLOYD

"I stylise, maybe, but not too much" BILLY WILDER

reality in the american cinema

Nothing is more straightforward, nor more problematic than the relationship between the American cinema and American life and nowhere is its unself-conscious duplicity, its apparent lack of bad faith, more conspicuous than in the war years and after, the period of these three films. On any estimate, to take a slightly longer view, the twenty years from 1935 to 1955 were the heyday of the American movie, the golden age of the talking picture; a time when colossal numbers of pictures were produced, when audiences, boosted by depression and war and unfragmented by TV, had never been higher, when the entire world experienced vicariously the American image of reality, an age in which was produced the vast body of work of virtually all the most important directors. It was not merely a time of commercial success but of artistic advance. We find the American cinema reaching out to include and master larger areas of reality, striving to portray the lives and the problems of ordinary people, purging itself of its obsession for historical romance and costume melodrama. The "small" subject becomes possible. What could be more unprepossessing than the problem of whether to move house in Minnelli's MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS or Spencer Tracy's agonies as Father-in-law-to-be in his FATHER OF THE BRIDE? Minnelli here seems to be giving us reality himself - and hence its not surprising to find critics arguing that Marx would have liked Minnelli; but the paradox, of course, is that this reality is itself highly stylised and one suspects that Marx, far from liking it, would have regarded it as the most insidious form of mystification: reality not so much enhanced as rainbow tinted.

Thus the American cinema, like the cinemagoer, dreams most deeply with open eyes. But its integrity, in the war years, lies in the fact that what is being dreamt is a common dream, a spell in which both director and audience are bound. For the choice seems to lie between succumbing to an overpowering and demoralising reality and succumbing to the overpowering, and perhaps ultimately demoralising, sense of hope that is to challenge it. The dream America dreamt was of a world moving towards greater democracy, greater prosperity, greater freedom and independence for the individual. And for this terrible, terrifying idealism it seemed as if there were no need to understand and analyse the world in which it moved: to face up to the contradiction between capitalism and equality, between slavery and democracy, between freedom and intolerance; with no predisposition to believe in, let alone recognise the rigidity of social structures, Americans believed that it would be enough to turn one's back on a bad old world and head towards the open future, to leave all ghosts and skeletons behind. There was both dignity and naivety in this belief, but reality instead of tending toward it moved steadily, relentlessly and with accelerating rapidity away from it so that by the fifties and sixties it had the character of an obsessive fantasy, with the whole of America as some gigantic *Citizen Kane*. And the dream, bereft of dignity and naivety, seemed, in Rock Hudson-Doris Day movies ignoble and insincere, wholly blatant in its illusion peddling. The stylised, slightly idealised realism of the forties had broken down, as all perspectives on reality ultimately break down, because it no longer could be seen to be in a dynamic relationship with the real world,

the miracle of morgan's creek

father of the bride

adam's rib

because less and less fell within its field of vision. Symptomatic of this rupture is Ray's REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE not only because of its concern with non-communication and the inability of older Squaresville to understand a new reality, Jimmy Dean, but because the movie itself is unable to connect meaningfully with American life (as if reality itself had become cliché) and withdraws to a deserted house, scarcely more believable than that at the Bates' Motel.

It seems significant that since then the most serious work in the American cinema has come to focus not so much on reality as in the way it is perceived or not perceived, in the way individuals relate to it. We find it in Ford's CHEYENNE AUTUMN, where an Indian tragedy is enacted, the scope and significance of which Washington totally fails to grasp; in Fuller's SHOCK CORRIDOR where paranoia is the norm and the distinction between those inside the asylum and those outside seems hard to draw, in Peckinpah's THE WILD BUNCH where his nine men, who came too late and stayed too long, seemed to symbolise the battered and wizened old America of Thomas Jefferson ill at ease and blinking in the world of Chairman Mao Tse Tung. The culture shock these men experience when faced with the alien customs and values of Mexico can be related to the culture shock of the U.S.A. itself, which after effortlessly expanding, promulgating and diffusing its values throughout the world, suddenly finds itself running into a hard immovable object - Vietnam. Bourgeois liberal commentators in Hanoi have been struck more than anything by the different values of the Vietnamese people; and this in turn prompts analysis and scrutiny of American values, whose most essential characteristic, as we have already seen, is the reluctance with which they yield themselves up to scrutinising.

The puzzle we are left with is that it was the image of reality as created by the American cinema in the 1940s which led directly into unreality and paranoia, despite the fact that that image came closer to approximating to reality than any either before or since; that it was the relative truthfulness of Minnelli that paved the way for subsequent lies, that movies which celebrated adaptability, purposefulness, realism led to a cinema that became increasingly rigid, evasive and incapable of adjusting to a changing world. And what had begun as an ideal ended as a con game, in which no one was conned, but everyone pretended to be.

The cinema of the forties is a bourgeois cinema: it looks forward to an America in which everyone will be, if he is not so already, a member of the prosperous middle-classes. That this is the basis of a new consensus, that, perhaps under the impact of war, it marked the beginning of a new sense of solidarity in American society, is relatively clear. We have to remember that the original appeal of the cinema, when it began, was essentially to the working classes, who could not afford to go to the theatre, and that in the U.S. it was predominately to the alien urban proletariat. Its primary appeal was escapist, providing exotic images of ancient Egypt or courtly Europe, but it also invited its audience to sympathise with the plight of the down-trodden members of society. Griffith's INTOLERANCE combined the two in what came near to

constituting a radical critique of American life, through a parallel treatment of oppression in four periods in history, but the weight of analogy only trivialised and obscured the theme instead of sharpening it and reinforcing it. After Griffith on the whole escapism predominates and while we might, for example, have expected an echo in the cinema of the thirties of the social criticism that dominated the novel Lang's FURY is merely a drop in the ocean and Ford's GRAPES OF WRATH, significantly was 1940, with an optimistic, Populist ending - the people will prevail. Getting a real America into the movies seems to be difficult. The world of Capra and of Preston Sturges is essentially the mythic, unchanging small-town America of the front page of the SATURDAY EVENING POST and of Lil' Abner. In fact Capra and Sturges were completely overtaken by the new drive towards realism in the American cinema. The trouble with THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK is not that it is a bad movie but that we can see very clearly how it could have been much much better that it is, that with Wilder, say, the movie would have been both truer and funnier. Sturges goes half way towards making his characters real - it's necessary if we are to become involved at all - but to make them more real would be to destroy his whole comic set up. He has two good ideas and throws them both away. The beginning and ending of the picture suggest that the state will forgive any crime to a man who is the father of sextuplets - but this fundamental idea is not exploited at all. Again Sturges presumably is ahead of the morals of his time in showing a dumb blonde who gets pregnant to a G.I. whose name she can't even remember, but he falsifies the whole thing by trying to imply that she actually loves or comes to love the equally dumb fall-guy whom she plans to marry. In Sturges fableland, psychological reality or even credibility do not seem to matter. Again, Sturges approach is play up, exaggerate, decorate, elaborate, stylise as much as possible and while this pays off up to a certain point it finally becomes repetitive and contrived. Sturges always tries to make everything as funny as he possibly can - for example the Father who falls flat on his face every time he swings a kick at his daughter - by contrast, Cukor deliberately plays down the humour, the one line jokes, the aggressive mechanical energy of the script to bring out the human reality of the situations and to focus more sharply the humour and grotesqueness of particular scenes. What is remarkable about the work of Minnelli, Cukor and Wilder is the way in which they are able to stylise without compromising their depiction of reality; by comparison with most theatrical comedy and with the work of Sturges, who stems from this tradition, their best work has a quite extraordinary delicacy.

Minnelli's FATHER OF THE BRIDE deals with a perfectly ordinary situation and the humour derives out of that ordinariness and not out of extraordinary happenings. The household he presents is affluent (big house, but not too big; coloured maid not white) and yet it is supposed to be normal. Today perhaps the maid sticks in our throat, but the milieu is a good deal more recognisable than Sturges. The audience's identification with Tracy (and again in the Cukor) stems from the fact that he is a lawyer. For a lawyer, in American mythology, is a self-made man who has worked his way up and doing what any man could have done - moreover following in the profession of Lincoln. But though better off than the average American, Tracy at

any rate shares their problems: he has financial worries (unlike Hudson-Day) and he is forced to suffer one small humiliation after another. The essential basis of Minnelli's stylisation is mock-epic - Spencer Tracy is a kind of hum-drum Lear enduring agonies and tortures, which are the more acute because he is not supposed to have them, because he is not even the central figure in the wedding drama, though in his own imagination he believes himself to be so. Minnelli's mood of mock epic is perfectly established in the opening shot; the camera, in Minnelli's most fluid manner swoops and wanders over overturned glasses, the debris and disorder of tables abandoned after the banquet, finally coming to rest on Spencer Tracy's foot, which he is gently squeezing. Minnelli, as so often, comes dangerously near to sentimentality in allowing the moviegoer to indulge in conventional wedding responses, but he keeps the subject at a distance and under control by constantly reminding us of the gap between Tracy's heroic conception of himself and the unheroic reality. And in the final analysis his feeling is real enough.

But, I confess, that of these three pictures I prefer the Cukor. Cukor's comedy, which remains truthful even when it borders on the grotesque, is more profound than Minnelli's, for while Minnelli inflates small feelings Cukor focuses on the thin line that separates these small feelings from the powerful, obsessive emotions, into which they can so easily be transformed. Cukor's comedy, in other words, is capable of tragedy. The funny moments in ADAM'S RIB are extremely funny, precisely because they are rooted in reality. Again the opening sequence, half ludicrous, half serious, in which Judy Holliday bursts in upon her husband with another woman and fires off the gun wildly with her eyes shut, sets the tone of the picture. Cukor makes this credible - and bullets are not funny. As the picture progresses the jealousy and resentment present in the marriage of Judy Holliday and Tom Ewell gradually invades the apparently idyllic marriage of Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn - who though married are, in this case, lawyers on opposite sides - until Tracy bursts in on Hepburn with an admirer in a scene that exactly mirrors the opening. The moment when Tracy bites off a large piece of the gun he is carrying, which is made of liquorice, is superb, not merely because of its unexpectedness but because as he bites on the large, resistant fragments, he is forced to recognise the bitter taste of jealousy itself. With another director the idyllic marriage of Tracy and Hepburn would have remained on another, wholly distinct level from the vulgar passion of Ewell and Holliday: Cukor makes them both equally real and shows that in both cases the underlying feelings are the same. In this picture different levels of society seem to correspond to super-ego and id, but at least they interact. Since then the American cinema has been concentrated within the super-ego, and messages from the id have been carefully blocked out.

David Morse

LETTER

REPLY TO "EASY RIDER"

I read G.H.'s article on "Easy Rider" with mixed degrees of confusion and annoyance. I reflect the assertion that Fonda was an escapist through a "passive subjective denial", rather I would say that he is the ultimate realist, the pragmatist in an unpleasant world full of unpleasant people. However before taking that up, I should like to look at some of G.H.'s sentences - "Within the framework of the journey space and time become identified to the extent that the movement in space is accompanied by a slowing down of time itself (of our and the character's perception of time)". This I suggest is at best tautologous and at worst completely meaningless, to identify space with time (unless he means some sort of phenomenal space) is to me incomprehensible, to identify 'time' with events is a much more coherent equation. Enough said on that, but what about "The historical timelessness of Fonda's character is contrasted by the necessity of his being time"? No character or personality, except perhaps a God, can be timeless. Does G. H. mean that Fonda's life-style reflects a degree of removal from reality such that he is 'no longer in touch' with the world's events? If this is the case, then I need to make the point that Fonda is in fact in touch with the world, or to restate the premise I made at the beginning, that Fonda is the ultimate realist. For me Fonda's actions are dependent upon his total awareness of the situations he is involved in, his behaviour shows (as in the café scene) an accurate acute appraisal of what is going on around him. Fonda doesn't argue against insults, to do so would be pointless. He recognises the people as antagonists and knows the values that they hold, to argue with tape recorders (which is what the antagonists are, just preprogrammed units equipped with glib insults), would be a betrayal of his perception of reality. His pragmatism lies in that inertness is not an escapism for him, rather he realises that to enter into behaviour with those people would be like Canute trying to stop the waves. This is the sort of approach G.H. labels escapism, whereas it is surely the opposite. Fonda exercises his will every time that he appears inert passive and subjective, this however is not the result of self-indulgence or escapism, rather it is because he is "cool", to condemn him is to stand alongside those who insult him and finally kill him.

The tragedy of the film is that the sensitive awareness of Fonda is snubbed out by machine-humans, the unaware truly escapist (because they are the ones who have no appreciation of freedom and of life) element destroys physically the meaningful elements. Fonda is, by traditionalist morals, selfish, but his selfishness cannot be sensibly condemned because his style of living is solely geared to the reality of the world.

What of Billy, how does he share the world of the hero? He is not there purely to bask in the glory of his friend, he is there as a friend purely because he is the person who does not condemn, you could say that this too is a form of machinery but this is too glib. His role is one of speculative enjoyment, he has not reached the level of sensitivity of Fonda, but he shares an empathic link with Captain America and together they live the life of synthesising their personal reality through first of all appraising the scene around them. So G.H., I ask you, please don't label Fonda as an escapist.

S. A. WIGGLESWORTH (B.A.)

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FILM-MAKING

A preliminary meeting of local film-makers will be held on 15th November at 3.30pm. at 6, Norfolk Terrace (basement flat), tel. 732698. For further information ring Steve Hadfield.

PREVIEWS

EVERYTHING FOR SALE (Poland, 1968) A. Wajda.

Wajda achieved personal fame and new standing for the Polish cinema with his war trilogy. Recently the Polish cinema has suffered eclipse and Wajda has wasted his talent on blockbusters. Everything for Sale is a dazzling return to form - an act of homage to the late Zbigniew Cyculski, star of Ashes and Diamonds. The psychological insight the teasing mixture of fact and fiction, the bravura direction make this compulsively viewable.

(Brighton Film Theatre programme)

B.F.T., Nov 1st.

THE TOMB OF LIGEA (G.B., 1964) R. Corman, V. Price.

Corman's cycle of Gothic films, loosely based on ideas taken from Edgar Allen Poe, is too well known to need introduction. The Tomb of Ligeia is the last of that cycle and sums up the strengths and weaknesses of that extraordinary series. From the first pastoral but strangely sinister scenes of a funeral in a country graveyard we are immersed in a world whose sumptuous life and compulsive logic batters the senses and compels acceptance. Corman's use of sets and colour is superb, his use of Vincent Price (or Price's understanding of what is required of him) spellbinding. To say this, however, is not to overlook the weaknesses of the film. The logic is compulsive but the plot is often impenetrable. The final denouement is riveting, but one is not sure who was killed or by whom.

This film was released after Corman had been 'discovered'. It was not as well accepted as the other films in the cycle, but its continual appearance in horror film shows testifies to its power.

G.J.

Suss Film Soc. Nov 5th.

TO DIE IN MADRID (France 1964) F. Rosset.

This film is an evocation of the Spanish Civil War, compiled from contemporary newsreel film with some added material and a commentary read in the English version by Irene Worth and John Gielgud. Perhaps it is the sound of these two unmistakeable upper-middle class accents, but the film, about one of the most bitter class struggles of the last fifty years, comes out eerily like some Crown Film Unit documentary about the blitz in London. One almost expects Churchill to come waddling through the rubble. Seriously, the main failure of the film, is a complete inability to understand the nature of the struggle in Spain. The poverty of the Mise-en-scene reflects this failure, summed up by the closing shot (identical with the opener) of a peasant tilling a field 'nothing has changed for him'. There is no understanding why the war took place, why this desperate struggle of the Spanish workers and peasants against the capitalist class and their fascist allies, inspired men and women in thousands from all over the world to go to Spain to fight and die, why the workers were sold out by their own leaders and were crushed. This film exists on the same intellectual level as Thomas' book The Spanish Civil War a massive wodge of facts completely uninformed by understanding or analysis. The ideas and the images of Spain still move us but the film does not add to them.

G.J.

University I.O.T. Nov 6th.

CHEYENNE AUTUMN (U.S.A. 1964) J. Ford.

Ford makes amends: the apotheosis of the Indians, after the millions

shot and killed on the back lots of Hollywood. Under the eye of Ford the tragedy of the Cheyennes, driven from their homelands by the U.S. Government's policy of systematic genocide, transforms into the mythical quest of a people for its freedom. If you like, Cheyenne Autumn is the reverse side of Wagonmaster: the pioneer spirit has turned into the desperate struggle for survival. The film is very clearly structured - divided into five acts, like a classical tragedy, and progresses by complementary attitudes and polar oppositions. Not only do East and West confront each other (with Edward G. Robinson as the 'good' though ineffectual Easterner contrasted with the 'easternised' Westerners of Dodge City), but the central opposition between Cheyennes and Army is a typically Fordian exploration of community values vs. organisation values - late Ford at his best.

T.E.

D. of Y, Nov 5th, 7th.

LE BONHEUR (France 1965) A. Varda.

Readings of Agnes Varda's film are split into two groups: those that see it as a criticism of happiness as an ultimate value - the search for happiness destroying as much as it creates, and those that have just seen it as a glossy love film. Its position is not as clear as that of Un Homme et Une Femme which upheld all contemporary ideals the existentialism of fast cars, the altruism of film acting, the individualism of sheepskin coats, but there is very little in the film itself to justify the view that it is a criticism of French society.

J.K.

B.F.T. Late Night, Nov 7th.

WHATS NEW PUSSYCAT ? (U.S.A. 1965) C. Donner.

Donner's impression of the swinging scene of 1965 transferred to Paris in the story of three repulsive characters and their liaisons. Peter o'Toole gets too much of it but finally settles down; Woody Allen gets none at all and buys a Cord sportscar; Peter Sellers likes it kinky and plays Peter Sellers. A film that leaves a rather unpleasant taste, only modified by the beauty of Paula Prentice and the car - more or less equally desirable in the ethos of this film.

Donner is at his best in outlining the hopelessness and boredom of the 'scene' but the question is continually posed as to whether he is an observer and critic or part of the scene itself.

G.J.

B.F.T. late Night, Nov 7th

THE SILENCE (Sweden 1963) I Bergman

Bergman's gloomy vision of the sexual isolation of two women. As usual the question is posed whether his visual difficulties cover any great depth of emotion.

This film is on with the above two at a 'late night love-in' at the B.F.T. The experience of these three films at one sitting should increase the number of suicides, self mutilations etc in Brighton by a fair percentage. Cistercian Monasteries prepare for the rush!

G.J.

LES GIRLS (U.S.A. 1957) G. Cukor

Hollywood musical comedy at its very best. The traditional theme of reality and illusion is even more pointed than usual, since the plot is essentially the different versions of an incident in the life of 'Les Girls' told by them at a court hearing. The search for truth becomes through Cukor's mise-en-scene a splendid vindication of 'the spectacle', because in the perfection and beauty of their art

the characters reveal themselves far more than they do in their confused emotional tangles off-stage. Ultimately it is the intrigues, the banal every-day life-so laboriously reconstructed by the witnesses in court-that remains unreal against the magnificent artifice of the dance routines.

T.E.

Suss Film Soc 6p.m. Nov 13th.

UNDERWORLD U.S.A. (U.S.A. 1960) S.Fuller.

Fuller at his most didactic: Tolly Devlin's clenched fist is also the one that Fuller shakes in the face of his audience. In the story of a boy who becomes a gangster in order to avenge his father Fuller relentlessly pursues his accusation of 'organised' American society which for him is always a society of crime and corruption. Fuller, whether intentionally or not, is uncannily perceptive about the amorality of energy and efficiency: his gangster syndicate is a model of how to run a business and get the most out of your employees. Underworld U.S.A. is a film about a society that makes systematic use of fear, hate and frustration, emotions that maim the hero and leave him a child.

Again, as in House of Bamboo, the theme of the traitor and 'double agent' - objective metaphor for an impossible individualism. Though by no means making its points, Underworld U.S.A. is decidedly one of Fuller's best films.

T.E.

ITV London 9th Nov.

THE ST VALENTINES DAY MASSACRE (U.S.A. 1967) R.Corman

This film was released at the same time as, and overshadowed by Bonny and Clyde. Oddly, that film is more like Corman's earlier films than Massacre. Corman attempts to use a strict documentary style, coupled to meticulous attention to detail (even extending to the shape of movie screen used) to recreate the gangster world of the twenties. His success is only partial, but the film stands as an interesting addition to the gangster genre.

G.J.

Suss Film Soc 12th Nov.

ANATOMY OF A MURDER (U.S.A. 1959) O.Preminger.

In their intention, Preminger's films are always trials: all his come to a point in their lives where they are being put on trial or have to try themselves in order to survive. From Laura to Exodus, from Bonjour Tristesse to The Cardinal - the anatomy of the past is the only way into the future. In Anatomy of a Murder this moral situation is externalised and becomes the plot of a who-dunit in which the vital question remains unanswered: the classical Preminger situation, where the audience has to make up their own mind. Preminger's target is prejudice and intolerance, especially when it judges in the name of the state.

T.E.

B.F.T Nov 15th, 11pm.

WILL PENNY (U.S.A. 1967) T.Gries.

Tom Gries who wrote the story, also insisted on directing the film. His feeling for the west shows in his attention to detail, and his unwillingness to mystify. In comparison, a film like Once Upon a Time in the West seems detestably commercial with its lack of structure, barrenness of tone, and meticulous sadism. In praise of Will Penny it is worthwhile saying that it has not been a box-office success (not that there is any simple relationship between good films and films that draw awards). Here is a western that tries to portray the west

that may lie behind America's own myth of its past created through fifty years of film making. Perhaps the most underrated film of recent years.

J.K.

Embassy, Nov 23rd.

LILITH (U.S.A. 1964) R. Rossen

This film challenges public conceptions of mental illness. Rossen shows 'normal' people as unhappy and forming an uneasy alliance with their small-town American environments. He further proposes that the insane though apparently more totally alienated are yet happier; or at least that in both cases a neurotic or psychotic adjustment has been made because the world, that is society, has failed to provide a suitable framework for emotional stability.

By careful technique Rossen both draws us empathetically into Lilith's fantasy world, and at times withdraws to a more objective viewpoint. Except for a brief but important technical exposition, the film avoids direct comment but develops its themes through a naturalistic story rather than episodic analyses.

P.J.

B.F.T., Nov. 1st, 11p.m.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (U.S.A. 1934) F. Capra.

A classic of the American comedy of the '30s with Clark Gable as the founding father of all brash movie-reporters and Claudette Colbert as the runaway rich girl, pert and plucky in her two piece, distraught and disenchanted in oyster satin. Robert Riskin's screenplay wears like iron and the great good humour of Capra's direction is utterly beguiling

Film Theatre
Programme

B.F.T. Nov 23rd.

FILMS PREVIEWED AND REVIEWED IN PREVIOUS ISSUES

MORGAN RII.2
LOLA MONTES P II.1
DR STRANGELOVE PII.3
ON THE WATERFRONT P II.2
ROSEMARY'S BABY R II.4
BLOW UP P I.1
MACHINEGUN KELLY R II.3
UNDER CAPRICORN RII.10

Coll. Ed. Nov 4th, BFT Nov 20th
BBC 2 Nov 7th
BFT NOV 8th
BFT NOV 9th
Continental NOV 2nd.
.. NOV 9th.
Embassy NOV 9th.
.. NOV 16th.

HANDS OVER THE CITY (Italy 1963) F. Rosi

Masterly analysis of corruption of the state apparatus in Naples. Rod Steiger plays a property tycoon whose manipulation of the various political representatives on the city council enables him to make massive profits from re-development schemes. Against Steiger is counterposed the Communist Party lawyer, sincere but ineffectual. A vivid and absorbing analysis of characters and political struggles.

University, Nov. 7th., 2.15pm.

G.J. + P.J.

FILM DIARY

Sat. Nov. 1st.

+Everything For Sale (Poland '68) A.Wajda
 +Lilith (USA '64) R.Rossen
Kings Go Forth (USA '58) D.Daves
Moon Zero Two (GB '69) T.Fisher
The Adventures Of Tom Sawyer (USA '38) N.Taurog

B.F.T.
 B.F.T. 11pm.
 ITV London
 A.B.C.
 BBC 2

Sun. Nov. 2nd.

+Rosemary's Baby (USA '68) R.Polanski
The Agony And The Ecstasy (USA '64) C.Reed
The Pumpkin Eater (GB '64) J.Clayton
Knight Without Armour (GB '34) J.Feyder
This Sporting Life (GB '63) L. Anderson
Moon Zero Two

Continentale
 Embassy
 ITV London
 B.F.T.
 BBC 1
 A.B.C.

Mon. Nov. 3rd.

+Rosemary's Baby
 +Lilith
The Agony And The Ecstasy
Moon Zero Two

Continentale
 B.F.T.
 Embassy
 A.B.C.

Tues. Nov. 4th.

+Morgan (GB '66) K.Reisz
 +Rosemary's Baby
 +Lilith
The Agony And The Ecstasy
Moon Zero Two

Coll. Ed.
 Continentale
 B.F.T.
 Embassy
 A.B.C.

Weds. Nov. 5th.

+The Tomb Of Ligea (GB '64) R.Corman
 +Cheyenne Autumn (USA '64) J.Ford
 +Rosemary's Baby
 +Lilith
The Agony And The Ecstasy
Moon Zero Two

SussF.Soc4+7pm
 Duke of Yorks
 Continentale
 B.F.T.
 Embassy
 A.B.C.

Thurs. Nov. 6th.

+To Die In Madrid (France '64) F.Rossif
Throne Of Blood (Japan '57) A.Kurosawa
Look Back In Anger (GB '59) T.Richardson
The Taming Of The Shrew (Italy '66) F.Zefferelli
The Undefeated (USA '69) V.MacLaglen
 +Cheyenne Autumn

Univ4pmJ.O.T.
 SussF.Soc6pm.
 Coll.Tech.
 B.F.T.
 Odeon
 Duke of Yorks

Frid. Nov. 7th.

+Hands Over The City (Italy '63) F.Rosi
 +Lola Montez (France '55) M.Ophuls
 +Le Bonheur (France '65) A.Varda
 +The Silence (Sweden '63) I.Bergman
 +What's New Pussycat (USA '65) C.Donner
The Taming Of The Shrew
The Undefeated

Univ.2.15pm.
 BBC 2
) "Late-night
) Love-in"
) BFT
 B.F.T.
 Odeon

Sat. Nov. 8th.

A Time To Love And A Time To Die (USA '58) D.Sirk
 +Dr. Strangelove (GB '63) S.Kubrik
The Taming Of The Shrew
The Undefeated

BBC 2
 B.F.T.11pm.
 B.F.T.
 Odeon

<u>Sun. Nov. 9th.</u>		
+ <u>Blow-Up</u> (GB '66) M. Antonioni		Continentale
<u>The Bonnie Parker Story</u> (USA '48) W. Witney		Embassy
+ <u>Machine Gun Kelly</u> (USA '58) R. Corman		Embassy
+ <u>Underworld USA</u> (USA '60) S. Fuller		ITV London
+ <u>On The Waterfront</u> (USA '54) E. Kazan		B.F.T.
<u>Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed</u> (GB '69) T. Fisher		Duke of Yorks
<u>The Undefeated</u>		Odeon
<u>Mon. Nov. 10th.</u>		
<u>Oh What A Lovely War!</u> (GB '69) R. Attenborough		Orion, Burg. Hill
+ <u>Blow-Up</u>		Continentale
<u>The Bonnie Parker Story</u>		Embassy
+ <u>Machine Gun Kelly</u>		Embassy
+ <u>Dr. Strangelove</u>		B.F.T.
<u>Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed</u>		Duke of Yorks
<u>The Undefeated</u>		Odeon
<u>Tues. Nov. 11th.</u>		
<u>Bicycle Thieves</u> (Italy '48) V. DeSica		Coll. Ed.
+ <u>Blow-Up</u>		Continentale
<u>The Bonnie Parker Story</u>		Embassy
+ <u>Machine Gun Kelly</u>		Embassy
+ <u>Dr. Strangelove</u>		B.F.T.
<u>Oh What A Lovely War!</u>		Orion, Burg. Hill
<u>The Undefeated</u>		Odeon
<u>Weds. Nov. 12th.</u>		
+ <u>The St. Valentine's Day Massacre</u> (USA '67) R. Corman	SussF. Soc. 4+7pm.	
+ <u>Blow-Up</u>	Continentale	
<u>The Bonnie Parker Story</u>	Embassy	
+ <u>Machine Gun Kelly</u>	Embassy	
+ <u>Dr. Strangelove</u>	B.F.T.	
<u>Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed</u>	Duke of Yorks	
<u>Oh What A Lovely War!</u>	Orion, Burg. Hill	
<u>The Undefeated</u>	Odeon	
<u>Thurs. Nov. 13th.</u>		
+ <u>Les Girls</u> (USA '57) G. Cukor	SussF. Soc. 6pm.	
<u>Gunn</u> (USA '67) B. Edwards	Embassy	
<u>Saturday Night And Sunday Morning</u> (GB '60) K. Reisz	Coll. Tech.	
<u>The Green Berets</u> (USA '68) J. Wayne	Curzon	
+ <u>Blow-Up</u>	Continentale	
+ <u>Dr. Strangelove</u>	B.F.T.	
<u>Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed</u>	Duke of Yorks	
<u>Oh What A Lovely War!</u>	Orion, Burg. Hill	
<u>Frid. Nov. 14th.</u>		
<u>The Premature Burial</u> (USA '61) R. Corman	B.F.T. 11pm.	
+ <u>Jules Et Jim</u> (France '61) F. Truffaut	BBC 2	
+ <u>Blow-Up</u>	Continentale	
+ <u>Dr. Strangelove</u>	B.F.T.	
<u>Gunn</u>	Embassy	
<u>Oh What A Lovely War!</u>	Orion, Burg. Hill	
<u>The Green Berets</u>	Curzon	

Sat. Nov. 15th.

*Anatomy Of A Murder (USA '59) O. Preminger
Waxworks (Germany '24) P. Leni
*Blow-Up
*Dr. Strangelove
Gunn
Oh What A Lovely War!
The Green Berets

B.F.T. 11pm.
New Suss FGp 8pm
Continentale
B.F.T.
Embassy
Orion, Burg. Hill
Curzon

Sun. Nov. 16th.

*Under Capricorn (USA '49) A. Hitchcock
The Whisperers (GB '67) B. Forbes
The Green Berets

Embassy
B.F.T.
Curzon

Mon. Nov. 17th.

*Anatomy Of A Murder
*Under Capricorn
The Green Berets

B.F.T.
Embassy
Curzon

Tues. Nov. 18th.

Kameradshaft (Germany '31) G. Pabst
Once There Was A War (Denmark '66) P. Kjoererulff-Schmidt

Univ. A2 3.15pm.
Coll. Ed.

*Anatomy Of A Murder
*Under Capricorn
The Green Berets

B.F.T.
Embassy
Curzon

Weds. Nov. 19th.

*Anatomy Of A Murder
*Under Capricorn
The Green Berets

B.F.T.
Embassy
Curzon

Thurs. Nov. 20th.

The Bad And The Beautiful (USA '52) V. Minelli
Lord Of The Flies (GB '63) P. Brooks
*Morgan (GB '66) K. Reisz
The Game Is Over (France '66) R. Vadim
A Taste Of Honey (GB '61) T. Richardson
Don't Look Back (GB '68) D. Pennebaker; B. Dylan
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner? (USA '67) S. Kramer

Suss F. Soc. 6pm.
B.F.T.
B.F.T.
Embassy
Coll. Tech.
B. Comb.
Curzon

Frid. Nov. 21st.

Accatone (Italy '61) P. Pasolini
Student Power (GB '67) O. Schechter
Lord Of The Flies
*Morgan
The Game Is Over
Don't Look Back
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?

Univ. A2. 2.15pm.
B.F.T. Late night
B.F.T.
B.F.T.
Embassy
B. Comb.
Curzon

Sat. Nov. 22nd.

A Man For All Seasons (GB '67) F. Zinneman
The Game Is Over
Lord Of The Flies
*Morgan
Don't Look Back
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?

B.F.T. 11pm.
Embassy
B.F.T.
B.F.T.
B. Comb.
Curzon

Sun. Nov. 23rd.

+ It Happened One Night (USA '34) F. Capra
The Black Cat (USA '34) E. Ulmer
 + Will Penny (USA '67) T. Greis
Don't Look Back
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?

B.F.T.
 Continentale
 Embassy
 B. Comb.
 Curzon

Mon. Nov. 24th.

Planet Of The Apes (USA '68) J. Boorman
A Man For All Seasons
The Black Cat
 + Will Penny
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?

Univ. A2. 7pm.
 B.F.T.
 Continentale
 Embassy
 Curzon

Tues. Nov. 25th.

Un Chien Andalou (France '29) L. Bunuel
The Wages Of Fear (France '53) H-G. Clouzot
A Man For All Seasons
The Black Cat
 + Will Penny
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?

Coll. Ed.
 Coll. Ed.
 B.F.T.
 Continentale
 Embassy
 Curzon

Weds. Nov. 26th.

+ Psycho (USA '60) A. Hitchcock
A Man For All Seasons
The Black Cat
 + Will Penny
Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?

Suss F. Soc. 4+7pm.
 B.F.T.
 Continentale
 Embassy
 Curzon

Thurs. Nov. 27th.

Comic Strip Hero (France '66) A. Jessua
Georgie Girl (GB '66) S. Narizzano
The L-Shaped Room (GB '63) B. Forbes
A Man For All Seasons
The Black Cat

Suss F. Soc. 6pm.
 Embassy
 Coll. Tech.
 B.F.T.
 Continentale

Frid. Nov. 28th.

Animal Crackers (USA '30) B. Heerman; Marx Brothers
A Man For All Seasons
The Black Cat
Georgie Girl

B.F.T. Late-night
 B.F.T.
 Continentale
 Embassy

Sat. Nov. 29th.

Innocence Unprotected (Yug. '68) D. Makavejev
A Man For All Seasons
The Black Cat
Georgie Girl

B.F.T. Late-night
 B.F.T.
 Continentale
 Embassy

Sun. Nov. 30th.

Here Come The Huggetts (GB '48) K. Annakin
In The Heat Of The Night (USA '68) N. Jewison

B.F.T.
 Duke of Yorks

+ These films pre-viewed or reviewed in this or previous issues.

o New Sussex Film Group, 11 Old London Road, Patcham.

RATING OF FILMS

<u>Reviewed:</u>	P.J.	G.J.	T.E.
Belle de Jour	xxx	xxx	xxx
The Shame			xx
Theorem	o	o	x
Before The Revolution			xxx

Pre-viewed:

The Tomb Of Ligea	xxx	xxx	
To Die In Madrid		x	
Cheyenne Autumn		xx	xxx
Le Bonheur	xx	x	x
What's New Pussycat	x	x	x
The Silence	x		x
Les Girls			xx
Underworld USA		xx	xxx
The St. Valentine's Day Massacre	xx	xx	
Anatomy Of A Murder	xx	xx	xx
Lilith	xxxx	xxx	
Hands Over The City	xxx	xxx	

xxxx excellent

xxx very good

xx good

x interesting

o bad/uninteresting

RATING OF FILMS

<u>Reviewed:</u>	P.J.	G.J.	T.E.
Belle de Jour	xxx	xxx	xxx
The Shame			xx
Theorem	o	o	x
Before The Revolution			xxx
 <u>Pre-viewed:</u>			
The Tomb Of Ligea	xxx	xxx	
To Die In Madrid		x	
Cheyenne Autumn		xx	xxx
Le Bonheur	xx	x	x
What's New Pussycat	x	x	x
The Silence	x		x
Les Girls			xx
Underworld USA		xx	xxx
The St. Valentine's Day Massacre	xx	xx	
Anatomy Of A Murder	xx	xx	xx
Lilith	xxxx	xxx	
Hands Over The City	xxx	xxx	

xxxx excellent

xxx very good

xx good

x interesting

o bad/uninteresting

